



Magister Magorum



👁 175 ✓ 6 ★ 14

Chapter 1 by Phantim

"Demon Lord!" the Magister shouted out.

Sofia watched as the red stone seared her classmate's hand with the burning demon rune. Everyone was now judging, she could see their accusing eyes. Her classmate Alexander was a good mage, he was even a bit handsome, she had a slight crush on him. But now he was going to be punished for his bravery, for taking a chance with the red stone. She wanted to be a life mage, a healer... but now she couldn't stand to see him suffer alone. She mustered up her own courage, forgoing her right to choose.

"Wait!" she shouted. Everyone turned their eyes on her. She could feel the weight of their gaze as she continued... "I wish to be sorted as well."

Her voice was almost a whisper, but everyone in the room heard it over the silence. The magister on stage nodded to her. She approached the dais where the stone sat in its box, its etched runes swirled as she held out her slender hand to it. When she rested her palm upon the ancient stone she felt warmth radiate through her body. The kind of feeling you get from your first kiss, giddy and exciting. She looked down as blue arcane energy shot up her arm burning

symbols into her skin. Then the world took on a blue hue and she began to see things that she had never seen before. Unsure w

Alexander. He seemed different, more confident, more like the boy next to her, about the way he glowed...

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

"Nice to finally meet you, Alexander," the girl said shyly and extended her hand to him.

Chapter 2 by Coraline Castell



"The pleasure is all mine," said he and, in an unexpected move, took her hand to his lips and gave it a light kiss. "Although I have seen better days, it seems as though you've never felt better yourself."

She briefly wondered what he could have possibly meant, until she felt a strong tug on her arm as someone shook her away from the box and into the cold marble floor.

"Foolish girl!" Berated the old hunchbacked magister. "Do you not know the ways of the arts of magic even after so long a time trying to master them?"

The gaze of the whole room shifted from Alexander to her as the demon rune etched into his pale skin started to fade. *Of course* she thought, a little too late.

"A simulation stone," began the fat magister, "or did you think we would let sleuth apprentices like yourself sniff around genuine stones, child?"

The habit every magister seemed to have of humiliating with questions was starting to enrage her. *It still shows one's true nature. It just doesn't brand them*, she wanted to scream, but she held back. "It won't happen again, Magister Philo."

She slowly rose from the cold marble floor feeling the bruises forming on her legs and her arm. Her legs from the fall the hunchbacked but strong magister had warranted her; her arm was her own fault. Thank Gaia the runes were already fading. Before inserting herself back into her place in the circle around the dais, she quickly took a peek into the inscriptions that had formed on her arm.

Please don't say Demon Spawn, please don't say Demon Spawn... She closed one of her eyes before carefully pulling up one of the long sleeves of her robe. Opening just one eye she looked

down the marks that were just barely there (but that still hurt a great deal as effective punishments always did).

See more of Story Wars

Witch Doctor

Login

or

Create new account

Her breath hitched in her throat.

"You see, students," began a third magister, this one impossibly tall with a crooked nose, "even with the aid of mere practice stones we may still view another's aura and potential. What they are meant to accomplish when they become fully-rounded mages. This class, as you all now, encompasses students from all fields of study..." He gave a pause surveying the students before him. "You," he pointed a lanky finger at her "are from the healing department."

She nodded, gulping nervously.

"He, on the other hand..." The magister smiled a sarcastic smile. "Is not."

Silence once again encompassed the room as the words he didn't utter hung in the air as clear as if he had cried them at the top of his lungs.

Demon Lord the stone had etched him, Demon Lord would he become.

With two claps of his hands, the class was dismissed for the day.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

See more of Story Wars

Write a comment...

Login

or

Create new account

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account